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Deep in the inmost closet of his breast,
Thy child, great Sire ! shall lock each
high bethest,
And then, with holy awe, shall ever guard,
Thy love, his hope, his glory, and reward.

Who knows the wanderings of the vagrant mind,
What power can seize them, or what wisdom find ?
Do thou, O Lord ! each imperfection blot,
Nor leave the vestige of a single spot,
Which Sin or Error, with insidious art,
Stamps on the tablet of th' unguarded heart,
From Pride's dominion arrogant and dire,
Preserve the kingdom of my breast entire,
And save, O save me ! from each sinful care,
From passion's impulse and temptation's snare.

These warm effusions of a heart sincere,
Author of good, my God, my father, hear !
Whate'er my tongue imperfect has express,
Whate'er the thoughts revolving in my breast,
Tower of my safety, and thou God of love,
Receive propitious in thy realms above.
March, 1809.

SELECT POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR REVIVING THE IRISH HARP.

O H had I liv'd when Ossian sung
Old Erin's sons renown'd in stov';
While o'er his harp the warriors hung,
And caught the kindling flame of glory !
Or when around the festive board
That cheer'd the chiefs in Tara dwelling,
The Bard, the tide of music pou'd
With Joy and grief alternate swelling :

*May thoughts like these our bosoms cheer,
As round we pass the bowl of pleasure ;
And may the ever-circling year,
Again renew the blissful measure.*

Yet though within the narrow cell,
The fathers of the song are sleeping,
And o'er the scenes they loved so well,
Oblivion's silent mists are creeping ;
Once more revives the sound of arms,
The tale of Love, the note of Sorrow,
And every strain that once had charms.
A softer tone from time shall borrow.
May thoughts, &c.

When sound your Harps, ye hards of old,
Who sung, when Erin was a nation,
What ear so dull, what heart so cold,
But echoing thrills in sweet vibration ?

Instruct thy sons of latter days,
To catch some portion of thy spirit,
For, oh ! when best the song they raise,
Though their's the crown, yet your's
the merit !

May thoughts, &c.

Your's is the spell that crowns the bowl,
With joy while every eye is lighted;
And your's the beam that lights the soul,
By nature's rigid law benighted.
For though no dawn of day appear,
To hail the sightless child of sorrow ;
You teach them from the rap'rd ear,
A new created bliss to borrow.

May thoughts, &c.

And your's the voice to charm us here,
In social brotherhood unite us ;
And your's to bid the unborn year,
To scenes like this again invite us.
From tongue to tongue shall memory dwell
On tales of Erin's ancient glory,
And minstrels yet unborn shall tell
To wond'ring worlds the matchless story.

May thoughts, &c.

SONG, ON THE SAME OCCASION. AIR—"KITTY TYRREL."

LAST Minstrel of Erin how sweetly thy finger
In strains of wild melody sweeps o'er the strings,
While each lengthen'd vibration seems slowly to linger,
And say "tis the genius of Erin that sings,"
Our hearts wildly thrill with extatic emotion,
As ravish'd we list to thy heavenly strain,
Thy wild notes would tame the rude spirit of ocean,
And make the poor captive forget all his pain.
And shall then thy warm earnest prayer be rejected ?
Shall the song of the Minstrel be suffered to die ?
No ! the Harp of Ierne no longer neglected,
Shall again draw a tear from the patriot eye,
For Belfast still contains a few generous spirits,
That burn to revive "the sweet song of the bard,"
All who see their exertions, shall speak of their merits,
And honour unfading shall be their reward.

SONG.

FROM THE SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES BY SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, MUS. DOC. AND THOS. MOORE, ESQ.

AIR—"BLACK JOKE."

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke,